

# THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

### Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

### POETRY.

#### The Cherry Pie.

This morning Grandma scolded me for a thing she thought I'd done. She said she baked two cherry pies And only could find one. So of course she said I took it. I must say I was a bit vexed. Why, if anything is missing, They always pick on me!

It's "Francis, where is my razor?" "Francis, you naughty child, You're enough to drive one wild." "Where did you put my scissors?" It is only me that tracks in mud And scatters things about. And if I speak above a whisper They all say, "Francis, don't shout!"

Well, I've run away and left them, And I won't go back any more. And then they'll find things get lost. Just as they find before. And I guess they'll feel pretty mean, And maybe Mother'll cry, And I think, perhaps if I went home, I'd get the other pie.

### UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

How quick the children hear the call of the pastures and the brooks and the boys the call of the trout streams and the old swimming holes. They are not wholly free from the habits of the boys and girls who lived when the world was young and footpaths were commoner than roads.

It is of little avail to tell them not to be noisy, for their glee like the eagle's has to find expression in screams; but those who go most quietly see and hear most of the birds and catch most of the fish.

Do not be too careless in getting over walls and fences or too venturesome in going into the water when you know nothing of its depth. It always pays to have a care for such children never get severely hurt or are drowned.

Have you ever thought how still the little grass-folks and wood-folks keep when they see big people wandering in the fields? When they are alone they chat and sing merrily, but when they are moved by fear they keep still, for they know silence means safety to them.

Wide-Awakes can get books out of the fields and woods if they keep their ears and eyes open and write prettily about what they hear and see.

### WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Eather Chalet of Colchester, Three Little Women's Success.
- 2—Woods School of Stafford Springs, Play Days, etc.
- 3—John A. Burns of Fitchville, Fred Fenton on the Track.
- 4—Mildred E. White of Stafford Springs, The Girls' Central High.
- 5—John B. Purrell of Colchester, Uncle Sam's Boys and Field Duty.
- 6—Doris M. Amidon of West Willington, The Automobile Girls Along the Hudson.
- 7—Lillian M. Brehaut of East Norwich, Ruth Fielding of the Red Mill.
- 8—Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs, The Meadow Brook Girls on Tennis Courts.

### LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

- Miriam Shershevsky of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book you gave me entitled Little Folks and What They Did.
- Florence Brown of Norwich Town: I thank you very much for the prize book which you sent me. I know I will enjoy reading it.
- Grace A. Burrill of Stafford Springs: Thank you very much for the prize book Little Stories for Little People. I have read some of the stories and find them very interesting.
- Walter Supina of Stafford Springs: I

received the prize book and I thank you many times for it.

Carrie A. Pratt of Pomfret Center: Please accept my thanks for the prize book The Girls of Central High on the Stage. I have read it through and I assure you I enjoyed it.

### STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

#### Peanuts.

Peanuts are the fruit of a small vine of the pea family. When the flowers fall, the stalk supporting the undeveloped pod lengthens and bending downward, pushes the fruit into the ground, where it grows and ripens. The peanut is cultivated in most of the southern states. It is sometimes known as the groundnut.

Peanuts are roasted and eaten as a delicacy, and they form the basis of many of the modern health foods. An oil used in the making of salads, and as an ingredient of soaps is pressed from the seeds.

GRACE MAHONEY, Colchester.

#### Hunting for Mayflowers.

Last Saturday my two friends and I went for a walk about three miles, looking for Mayflowers.

We started at 1 o'clock, went over the river and across the lot for about a mile; then we found some arbutus. We picked a large bunch, then took the road. After we had gone a little way we found some hepaticas.

Just as we were about to turn back, we saw a Mayflower. It was a very beautiful one, with a long stem and a single flower. We called on our teacher. Altogether we had a very pleasant walk, but we were very tired on our way home. We returned home about 3 o'clock.

GLADYS THOMPSON, Age 18, Mansfield Depot.

#### Thanksgiving at Grandfather's.

Grandfather and Grandmother live in a big old-fashioned farmhouse out in the country a long way from the railroad where we left the train on the afternoon of the day before Thanksgiving, and were surprised to find the ground covered with snow which had fallen during the previous night.

Uncle John met us with the clumsy old bobbed and the big black horses we always admired, impatiently waiting for the chirrup and the snap of the whip to get on their way.

From the top of the last long hill just as the sun was setting we saw the smoke rising from the chimney, which recalled to our minds former Thanksgivings with their bountiful feasts and happy family reunions.

The interior of the house suggested Thanksgiving, too. Everywhere in the pantry were rows of pies, glass dishes filled with rich red cranberry sauce, loaves of cake and delicious plum pudding.

Grandmother, a dear old lady with silvery hair, kind, bright blue eyes, snowy cap and apron, was sitting in her favorite rocking chair by the window and welcomed us heartily, as did also numerous other relatives.

The children scuffled off with some corn to the barnyard where an enormous gobbler was strutting proudly about, ravenously but unconsciously eating his last supper.

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and cold and everyone was astir early, full of anticipation, especially the little folks, who remembered with joy and some with sorrow their last Thanksgiving dinner.

At last the dinner gong sounded and we all assembled in the long dining room where the table was laid, groaning beneath its weight of good things, most important of which was the same gobbler we had fed the night before.

After dinner the older people exchanged experiences while the children popped corn and played games.

In the evening, gathered around the big open fireplace, fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts told stories of youthful escapades, and the children, roasting apples in the glowing coals, listened wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

The next day we went home, taking with us many happy recollections of the pleasant farmhouse, the jolly family gathering and the best of all, the least the liberal festivity of the never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

WOODS SCHOOL, Stafford Springs.

#### A Trip Through the Woods.

One afternoon about three o'clock the teacher took us for a walk through the woods.

She took a paper and pencil with her and wrote down the names of all the different things we found.

At schoolmaster's kind of a knife and we cut a piece of every different kind of bark. As I was cutting a piece of bark, I cut a little too deep and broke the end of the knife blade.

Then we came to a road and found some large rocks in which there were quarts crystals.

Some one found a bird's nest, another some blossoms which we put into a glass of water when we returned.

On our way back all carrying snow.

era, rocks, moss and sassafras that we found, we came to a place where a partridge and her little ones were. The mother partridge became excited and flew away for self defense, leaving her nestlings to care for themselves. We looked for the little chicks but before we knew it we found out that one had been crushed.

That was only one of many pleasant afternoons we spent in the woods and I shall always remember them with pleasure.

WALTER SUPINA, Age 14, Stafford Springs.

#### Dick's Butte.

Dick's mamma put some cream into the yellow churn, and told Dick he might turn the handle and see if he could make butter.

Dick felt very proud. He had all ways wanted to make butter.

He sat in the shed in the handle round and round.

"How easy it goes! How well I do it," thought Dick. "I wish somebody could see me."

But nobody was there. Mamma had gone to the pantry to make pies, and little Annie was out of doors rolling his black and white dirt and Dick was all alone in the shed. But finally he got tired, and then he called out:

"Mamma! I guess the butter is done!"

"Won't you come and see if the butter is done?"

But mamma could not leave her place. The butter hasn't come yet, said she.

"Why, mamma, I've turned it round forty-two hundred times. Can't I stop and get a drink of water?"

"Yes," said mamma.

While he was gone, who do you think his sister did? She came into the shed with some chickens and heaped with goodies to make it a tea-party and dining party together.

Mamma gave us tea in the "cutest little cups." The afternoon passed as pleasantly as the morning had, and when the children had been snugly tucked in bed, they agreed they couldn't have had a better time had they been in the city.

MILDRED E. WHITE, Age 15, Stafford Springs.

#### Switzerland.

Switzerland, without a mile of seacoast and with almost no coal or iron, is one of the leading industrial nations and has a large commerce.

One-half of the Swiss mountains lies above the zone of agriculture, producing very little except grass lands on the mountain sides, below the snow.

One day when the weather was pleasant as the morning had, and when the children had been snugly tucked in bed, they agreed they couldn't have had a better time had they been in the city.

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every one of us. You all know that our chief danger in the cat's sly and quiet manner of walking.

"Let us hang a bell to the cat's neck, and when he hears it ring we shall all know that she is near."

"A fine plan! A fine plan!" cried all the mice.

"But who will bell the cat?"

"Not I! not I!" cried all the mice at once. I don't do it! I was a mouse.

ALICE BURELL, Age 11, Stafford Springs.

### The Make Believe Party.

It was just too bad! All my brothers and sisters wanted to go to the cave, but when they woke up it was raining hard; so there they lay, according to themselves until eight o'clock.

They were very much surprised when mamma came in with their holiday clothes. She dressed them and said, "Now get up and get ready for the party."

After breakfast they started as usual for the nursery, but mamma took them to the parlor which she had arranged for the party.

They were ready for them, and everything was bright and cheerful.

Mamma had a book which she had laid away for some occasion, and said she would read to them. All the older children screamed when they saw it. It was the story of "Little Women."

Baby crowded loudly with a picture book in her hand and mamma curled down before the fire with him in her lap and all the children around, and read for two hours. The children played games until dinner.

When they entered the dining room, the sight almost took their breath away. The room was decorated with flowers and evergreens. The table was set with silver and china and heaped with goodies to make it a tea-party and dining party together.

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to eat, and lemonade to drink.

We played croquet and other games. At twelve o'clock the children were called in, and the party began.

After the party we played the games and we had a fine time.

At the clock most of us started on for home.

I hope some of the Wide Awakes will tell about the parties they have had at the school if they had any.

MARY M. BOROVICKA, Age 11, West Willington.

### LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

#### The Coon Hunt.

Dear Uncle Jed: Did you or any of the Wide Awakes ever go coon hunting?

Last fall we girls went with my father, brothers, and some friends. It was a new moonlight evening and we started about 8 o'clock.

We girls stayed in the cars while the men took the dogs and went off to look for coons. We followed first up one road and down another. Finally we turned off upon an old back road, but after we had gone a short way we decided to turn back. Just then we heard the dogs bark nearby and knew that they had found a trail.

The place where the coon was at last was behind the road. We did not know which tree the coon was in as the dogs were beneath two different ones. On one tree we could see deep scratches where the coon had climbed it. We felt certain the coon was there; but we soon discovered that the prints only went to about eight feet. We then started our search where it had probably turned and jumped.

On the other tree the scratches went up into the branches. One of the men climbed the tree but could see no coon. At last we discovered it up in the top of the tree. It was curled up and looked like a bunch of leaves.

Papa fired at it several times before it started to descend.

Even though it was badly shot it put up a good fight with the dogs and gave them several bad scratches before it gave up.

Several days later we had a coon supper for the hunters and our friends.

DORIS M. AMIDON, Age 13, East Willington.

### An Unlucky Fishing Trip.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last Saturday morning my youngest brother coaxed me to go trout fishing with him and as I had nothing else particular to do I went.

We set out toward the brook, a half mile away, soon after breakfast, and reached the bridge in about ten minutes. We started going down stream toward the meadow.

Fishing along in all the pools we got our lines tangled in the bushes, caught by the hooks and started going down stream toward the meadow.

At last my brother had two bites, but the only kind I received were from mosquitoes and small flies.

After fishing awhile in the meadow with no luck we decided to follow the brook to a large pool known as Bear Brook. We started going down stream toward the meadow.

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### Speaking of progress, have you tried

#### RYZON The Perfect Baking Powder?

It makes the old baking methods as obsolete as the wood-burning stove. Made with a new and better phosphate—a pure, crystallized kind.

At your grocer's.

- 1/2 pound, 10 cents;
- 1/4 pound, 18 cents;
- 1 pound, 35 cents.

SATISFACTION— or your money back

### HISTORIC LONDON THEATRE

#### SAFEGUARDED FROM FIRE

Hydrants Carried to the Famous Dome of St. Paul's.

London, May 10.—For the first time in its history St. Paul's Cathedral is considered safe from fire, adequate fire fighting apparatus having been installed after four years' labor, the hydrants being carried to the top of the famous dome. Although much progress has been made towards making the edifice fireproof the work in this direction will continue for ten to fifteen years. Great quantities of inflammable material have been removed from the building, including the wooden floors of the galleries. The sum \$500,000 is being raised to complete the work.

The Real Reason.

For a long while we couldn't think what the Irish firemen seized the Dublin postoffice, but now we see that